

Chilly Billy by look_turtles

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Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Billy hates the cold

Chilly Billy

Growing up in California, Billy had never seen it snow. Now, in his bedroom in Hawkins he watched as the snow fell. He had always heard that falling snow was magical or some shit, but it just looked like snow. He shivered even though the house was warm.

‘Hey, could you take me to the arcade?’ Max asked from the doorway.

‘Yeah.’ Billy said because he knew if he didn’t there would be hell to pay with Neil, that and he didn’t want to make Max mad enough to take a baseball bat with nails in it to his balls.

He put on his leather coat and walked outside. The cold sucked the air out of his lungs. After several seconds he pulled his coat close and walked to his car. Just before he got to his car, he picked up a hand full of snow and lobbed a snowball at Max.

It hit her in the chest and she wiped snow off of herself with one hand and flipped Billy off with the other. ‘Real mature.’

Billy grinned. ‘I gotta have fun somehow.’

He got into his car and turned on the heat. The heater sputtered and came to life.

Hitting Max with a snowball had made the cold worth it.

Months later, he stood by Steve’s pool, a smoke between his lip. He shivered as the wind kicked up and the cold wasn’t worth it. He knew Hawkins was a shit hole, but he hadn’t thought that it would be a frozen shit hole. He missed the warm Cali sun, but at least Steve had a hated pool.

Speaking of Steve, he came up behind Billy and wrapped his arms around Billy.

‘Oh, know those round things on your shirt are called buttons. Maybe you should use them.’

‘Ha ha. Very funny.’

Steve kissed Billy’s neck. His lips were rough and chapped and the scent of hair gel filled his nose. They hadn’t had sex yet, just a lot of kissing and touching, but Billy could wait. Despite what Neil said, Billy wasn’t easy. Well, he was easy but not where Steve was concerned.

‘Come inside and let me heat you up,’ Steve said as he broke his embrace.

Billy grinned. ‘Is that a promise?’

‘Yep. Come on.’

Once inside Steve house, Steve walked over to a coffee table, picked up a cup and handed it to Billy.

The ceramic was warm against Billy’s frozen fingers and the scent of coca was in the air.

‘You made hot chocolate?’ Billy asked because no one had ever made him hot chocolate and it made him feel strange. Not bad, just strange.

‘Yeah. I said I was going to heat you up,’ Steve said as he took a sip from his own cup.

‘And here I thought you meant you were going to have sex.’

Steve’s cheeks turned pink and he tried to hide it by drinking from his cup.

‘We can do that,’ Steve said.

‘Cool. Have you ever had sex with a guy before?’ Billy asked.

‘Nope.’

‘Okay. Have you ever done anything other than missionary?’

‘Missionary? Is that some kind of religious thing?’

Billy grinned. ‘Nah but I can guarantee that you’re about to have a

religious experience.'

Billy sat down his cup and moved toward Steve. He pushed Steve onto the couch and got down on his knees in front of a sitting Steve

'What are you...' Steve asked as Billy spread Steve legs. Billy cut off Steve's question and he mouthed Steve's cock through his jeans.

The taste of denim was in his mouth and the sound of Steve's groans were in his ears.

After several seconds of mouthing Steve, he unzipped Steve's jeans and pulled out Steve's cock. He had seen his fair share of cocks, but Steve was still impressive. The cock was thick and long, the head was a deep red just the way he liked it. He had seen Steve naked in the gym shower, and boy did he look, but apparently Steve was a grower.

He started by licking the cock from root to tip and grinned as Steve groaned even more. He swirled his tongue over the head.

'Oh fuck! Steve exclaimed as Billy took Steve's cock into his mouth. Billy had never had any complaints about his cock sucking ability, but hearing the noises Steve made made him feel like a real superstar.

He bobbed his head up and down and took more and more of the cock shaft into his mouth. Steve's hands came down and he pulled on Billy's hair. Billy just deep throatied Steve.

'Oh... Oh... I'm gonna... I'm gonna...' Steve stammered out.

Knowing that Steve was close, Billy pulled off until only the cock head was in his mouth and he hummed.

His mouth was filled with salty come.

He stood up and just looked at Steve, who's eyes were shut. Steve was panting and his cheeks were red.

Steve opened his eyes and stood up and moved close to Billy. He reached out and pulled Billy close.

‘Wow! That was... Wow!’ Steve exclaimed.

Billy just laughed. ‘Yeah.’

‘Can I... you know...’ Steve gestured with his hands to Billy’s crotch.

‘Everything you want, Princess,’ Billy said as nuzzled and licked Steve’s neck. Salty sweat sat on his tongue.

They walked to Steve’s room and Billy pulled off his shirt and jeans as he made his way to Steve’s bed. He fell onto the bed and rubbed his hard cock against the soft blankets. He heard Steve gasp.

‘You better hurry up and get over here or I’ll take care of myself,’ Billy said as he rolled over and gently stroked himself.

Steve walked over to the bed and sat down. Billy spread his legs and Steve settled between them.

Steve grabbed Billy’s cock and just looked at it. His pink tongue darted out and licked the tip.

Billy just watched as Steve wrapped his lips around the head and slowly bobbed his head up and down. It certainly wasn’t the best blow job Billy had ever had, but soon he felt his orgasm building.

‘Fuck! Fuck! I’m going come!’ Billy yelled just before he felt himself coming.

He watched Steve’s Adam apple bob up and down as he swallowed Billy’s come. If he hadn’t already come, the sight of Steve swallowing come like a damn porn star would have made him come hard.

Steve wipe his mouth with his hand and crawled up the bed. He settled against Billy and Billy just reveled in the weight of Steve’s body against him.

Days later, Billy was driving slowly through ice and snow. A cigarette dangled between his lips, his bottom lip was split and bleeding. That wasn’t nearly as bad as his eye that had swollen shut. Neil had a wicked right hook.

He needed something that only Steve could give him. He needed release and to not feel like such a loser. There was nothing better for that than fighting or fucking and while he wasn't fighting with Steve anymore, there was still fucking.

He parked outside Steve's house and knocked on the door. Steve's eyes went wide when he saw Billy.

'What the hell happened to you?' Steve asked as Billy walked into the room.

'A fight. Nothing to worry about.'

'You sure?' Your face looks pretty bad.'

'It's fine.'

Billy reached for Steve and pulled him into a hard, rough kiss. Steve kissed back just a roughly.

After several moments, Billy felt Steve's hardness poke him in the thigh.

'You want me to take care of that for you?' Billy asked with a grin.

'We don't have to.'

'Seriously? Since when don't you want to have sex!?' Billy yelled because the way Steve was looking at him with pity was really starting to piss him off. He needed a good fuck, not fucking pity.

'I want sex, I'm just worried about you.'

'Don't. Just don't.'

'Okay. Okay. Come on,' Steve said as he took Billy's hand and lead him to his room. Steve and Billy stood in the middle of the room as Steve undressed Billy. His hands were warm and gentle against Billy's skin.

Once Billy was naked, Steve pulled off his clothes and Billy just watched. Steve was pale and his hard cock stood out against the dark

hair on Steve's balls.

Steve moved close to Billy and kissed him gently. Billy deepened the kiss and grabbed Steve's hair because he didn't want gentle.

Billy pushed Steve down onto his bed. Steve reached for Billy and pulled him down on top of him. Billy kissed and lick Steve's neck as Steve's nails bit into Billy's back. Billy reveled in the pain in his back.

Their cocks slid against each other and Billy hardened.

Billy lifted his head. 'You got lube?'

'Table by the bed.'

Billy moved off Steve and opened the drawer of the bedside table and grabbed a tube of lube. He squeezed some lube onto his hand and turned around to see Steve laying of his bed stroking himself.

Billy moved back onto the bed and laid on top of Steve. He grabbed both of their cocks in one hand and started to stroke them.

'Fuck!' Steve exclaimed and Billy tightened his grip.

Billy stroked the cocks as Steve's hips snapped up and his hands slid over Billy's back.

Billy felt his orgasm building and he bit into Steve's shoulder as they both came almost at the same time.

Billy looked down at Steve with a grin. 'I knew it! You do like missionary.'

'Nope. Just you.'

Billy settled against Steve and Steve rubbed Billy's back. Outside, wet, fluffy snow was falling and Billy thought that maybe snow wasn't so bad as long as he had Steve to keep him warm and by warm he meant sex and lots of it